Memorial Service

IN HONOR OF

Theodore Roosevelt

ADDRESS BY

CHARLES G. WASHBURN

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PRESENTED BY

Charles G. Washburn

Memorial Service

IN HONOR OF

Theodore Roosevelt

Mechanics Hall, Worcester

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY NINTH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND NINETEEN

Address of

Charles G. Washburn

Under the Auspices of the

War Camp Community Service

His Honor, Mayor Pehr G. Holmes, Presiding

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Program

Organ Selections

John Barrington

Community Singing

(a) Star Spangled Banner
(Miss Hazel Childs and Audience)
(b) America the Beautiful
(c) Onward Christian Soldiers
(d) Battle Hymn of the Republic

Prayer

Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson

Worcester Octette

Remember Thy Creator in the Days of Thy Youth — *Rhodes*

Favorite Hymn of Col. Roosevelt

How Firm a Foundation

Worcester Octette

Abide with Me

Address

Hon. Charles G. Washburn

America

J. Edward Bouvier, Musical Director
Arthur Crosbie, Accompanist
John T. Russell, Director of Octette

Address of Charles G. Washburn

On the twenty-second day of February, 1800, the Reverend Aaron Bancroft delivered in the Old South Meetinghouse, before the inhabitants of the Town of Worcester, an eulogy upon the character of General George Washington who had died at Mt. Vernon on the fourteenth day of the previous December. Two hundred and fifty of the youth of the town between the ages of eight and eighteen years walked in the procession from the Court House and were seated in the galleries of the church.

On June 1, 1865, the Honorable Alexander H. Bullock delivered in this place, before the City Council and Citizens of Worcester, an address upon the life and services of President Lincoln who had been assassinated in the City of Washington on the fifteenth day of the previous April, and now, after a space of more than fifty years, is added to the brilliant constellation of names that will shine throughout the ages, that of Theodore Roosevelt whose dauntless spirit has returned to God who gave it and in whose honor we are gathered here today.

The news of his death has carried sorrow to the remotest places of the earth, wherever men communicate their thoughts by spoken or written words, for he belonged to the world.

His career has been as unique as his personality, there has been nothing like either in our history. It was by his own choice a life of conflict from his early boyhood and his first fight was for health. Owing to acute and often agonizing asthma he, as a child, had none of the vigor which became part of his very atmosphere later in life. His determination of spirit so far conquered the weakness of his body that at eighteen, when he entered college, he was strong and normal and could hold his own against the light weight boxers and fencers of the day, though always handicapped by near-sightedness. From early childhood he had been a great lover of nature and acquired a knowledge of birds and beasts which he was always increasing, and while in college, he frequently took long trips into the backwoods of Maine.

His pathway to the presidency was one never before trodden and at times seemed to lead in almost any other direction. After graduating from college in 1880, he spent a year at the Columbia Law School, and then, quite unexpectedly, was elected to the New York Assembly, a service, as he thought, for a single year, which was extended to three of such brilliant achievement that it made him a national figure. He refused a renomination and two nominations for Congress. For several years thereafter he spent most of his summers on his cattle ranch on the Little Missouri in Western Dakota and in making hunting trips from it after bear, elk, and buffalo. His time was pretty evenly divided, as he said, between ranching, literature, and politics. In the fall of 1886, he was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York and was defeated.

In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and, to quote his own words some time later,—

> Have been up to my ears in one unending fight to take and keep the Civil Service out of the hands of the politicians; and I may say without question that during this year the law has been observed in the classified service under our charge more rigidly and impartially than ever before.

He continued as Civil Service Commissioner for nearly six years. It was not a place that any one with any political ambition would have sought, and would, I think, be commonly regarded as a veritable graveyard for any political aspirations. I remember seeing in the New York *Tribune*, about that time, an interview with Roosevelt in which he said that he might like to go into politics, but that he had no constituency, by which I understood him to mean that his prolonged absence from New York had put him completely out of touch with political affairs. It is reasonably clear that at that time and during his term as Civil Service Commissioner, he had no expectation of again entering politics.

In April, 1895, he was appointed Police Commissioner in the city of New York, and continued in that office for two years and taught the people that laws were made to be observed, and the officers under him, that if they enforced

the law they had nothing to fear. Again he filled a position which led nowhere in politics, however great the opportunities for service that it offered. Opportunity for service without regard for political advancement was the controlling motive of Roosevelt's life.

In April, 1897, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley. This was a most congenial place. He loved the navy and his first book, published in 1882, was "The History of the Naval War of 1812." He not only got the navy ready for war, but, to put it mildly, did not shrink from the then impending conflict with Spain. Against the urgent advice of most of his friends, he resigned his position and entered the military service as lieutenant-colonel, First United States Cavalry Volunteers, "The Rough Riders," organized by Colonel Leonard Wood and himself.

This was the reason he gave for his action:—

> While my party was in opposition, I had preached with all the fervor and zeal I possessed our duty to intervene in Cuba and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western world. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning, I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Of the Cuban campaign, it is enough to say here that Roosevelt was commended for gallantry and promoted Colonel, and was in command at San Juan Hill. A friend once asked him what act of his life or what experience had given him the most pleasure and satisfaction. He reflected for a moment, and then replied, "The charge up San Juan Hill."

I do not mean to suggest that he attached undue importance to that battle, as some of his critics have asserted. Speaking at Chattanooga in 1902, he said:—

> Compared to that giant death wrestle that reeled over the mountains roundabout this city, the fight at Santiago was the merest skirmish; but the spirit in which we handled ourselves there, I hope, was the spirit in which we have to face our duties as citizens if we are to make this Republic what it must be made.

In 1898, John Hay wrote to Roosevelt:—

I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close, and in which you have gained so much experience and glory. When the war began I was like the rest; I deplored your place in the navy, where you were so useful and so acceptable. But I knew it was idle to preach to a young man. You obeyed your own dæmon, and I imagine we older fellows will all have to confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote:—

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

You have written your name on several pages of your country's history, and they are all honorable to you and comfortable to your friends.

Certainly, up to this point, there had been disclosed no settled purpose in Roosevelt's life, excepting to be hard at work in some field of activity—physical or mental. And now he was to enter politics again, not by his own volition, but because of the desire of others. A republican candidate for Governor of New York was wanted who could carry the State. Roosevelt, with his military record, was the only man who could do it. The politicians took him, not because they wanted him, but because they needed him, and he was elected for the term beginning January 1, 1899.

He carried out the principle which he expressed in his inaugural address, that

in the long run, he serves his party best who most helps to make it instantly responsive to every need of the people, and to the highest demands of that spirit which tends to drive us onward and upward.

Much was made by his critics of the fact that Roosevelt occasionally "had breakfast with Platt," as evidence that he was under the domination of the latter, then the "boss" of the republican party in New York, and also United States Senator. The fact is that while Roosevelt was a reformer, he was not one of those unpractical persons who railed at the shortcomings of others and refused to take a hand himself in the remedy of abuses. The role of critic is a pretty contemptible one unless accompanied by the desire and ability for effective performance. Roosevelt, to serve a righteous purpose, would always work with such tools as he had at his

command, but never refused to work because the tools were not perfect or to his liking. He has often been bitterly condemned by well-meaning people who stood on the side lines with folded hands, because he was working with "corrupt politicians." Well, he did work with them when they served his purpose for the very simple reason that he had to work with them or not work at all. He would have been delighted if the people had given him better tools, but as they failed to do this, and still demanded that the work should be done, he went ahead and did it.

In his article on "Latitude and Longitude among Reformers" he said:—

> The cloistered virtue which timidly shrinks from all contact with the rough world of actual life, and the uneasy, self-conscious vanity which misnames itself virtue, and which declines to cooperate with whatever does not adopt its own fantastic standard, are rather worse than valueless, because they tend to rob the forces of good of elements on which they ought to be able to count in the ceaseless contest with the forces of evil.

This determination to do the best he could under existing conditions, whatever they might be, was always characteristic of him.

Meantime, Governor Roosevelt attracted the attention of the country by his direct and fearless manner of dealing with public affairs. Mr. James Bryce said of him, "Theodore Roosevelt is the hope of American politics."

As his term drew to a close, his desire was for reëlection to carry to full completion some of his plans, but in this he was thwarted, and, much against his will, was elected Vice-President of the United States for the term beginning March 4, 1901. "Shelved," as many of his political enemies said, with keen satisfaction that the New York "boss" had kicked him upstairs in fulfillment of his vow that Roosevelt should not be Governor again.

The fact is that the delegates to the National Convention at Philadelphia, without much regard to the wishes of any one, wanted Roosevelt. As one of the Southern delegates said, "We want a candidate we can yell for." And so the ticket was made up, as some one has put it,—McKinley,

"The Western man with Eastern sympathies," and Roosevelt, "the Eastern man with Western sympathies."

September 6, 1901, President McKinley was shot at Buffalo. He died on the following Friday.

The news of McKinley's death, conveyed by messenger, found Roosevelt in the Adirondacks on a tramping expedition just returning from the top of Mount Marcy. A ten mile walk, a rapid and reckless ride in the storm, and a flight of a mile a minute by railroad brought him to Buffalo, where he took the oath of office, the youngest man who had ever held the office.

Certainly no one had ever reached it through such an unusual pathway. No one would seriously contend that, up to this point, Roosevelt had given evidence of any political ambition or done anything with the purpose to advance his political fortunes. He entered the Legislature unexpectedly and, as he thought and intended, for a single year. After three years of service, he voluntarily abandoned politics and engaged in other pursuits. He was called to a place in the Civil Service Commission and as Police Commissioner, neither office offering the slightest hope of political preferment. He became Assistant Secretary of the Navy and, against the advice of most of his friends, left the office to be a soldier. He was elected Governor without the slightest volition of his own, was forced into the Vice-Presidency, and made President by the act of God. There is lacking in his progress every element that usually makes for political advancement.

To consider in any detail the events of the Roosevelt Administration is obviously impossible in this address, nor is it necessary to my purpose. If one would get a correct impression of a rugged coast, it is only necessary to note the prominent headlands and the deep indentations, and with these alone history will be concerned. Roosevelt brought to his great task high ideals, prodigious industry, an active and educated mind, a good deal of political experience, and an honest desire to do his best. In considering questions of capital and labor, he always held the scales of justice even between them. He demanded fair treatment for both.

On one occasion he said:—

> Exactly as business men find that they must often work through corporations, . . . so it is often necessary for laboring men to work in federation. Both kinds of federation, capitalistic and labor, can do much good, and, as a necessary corollary, they can both do evil . . . attack should be made not upon either form, but upon what may be bad in both.

In a speech made at the Union League Club, in 1904, Elihu Root said of the President: "You say he is an unsafe man. I tell you he is really the great conservator of property and of rights." And in support of this assertion Mr. Root spoke of the President's attitude toward labor unions and toward trusts, forbidding, on the one hand, the unionizing of government employment, and, on the other hand, the pressing of the Northern Securities case which checked speculation and avoided a panic.

It seems that one Miller had been expelled from his Union, and, in consequence, dismissed from the Government Printing office. Roosevelt reinstated him and in an interview with Samuel Gompers, James Duncan, John Mitchell, and other members of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, in regard to the Miller case, said:—

> I am President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the government service, I can no more recognize the fact that a man does not belong to a union, as being for or against him, than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, or a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

Several incidents in Roosevelt's Administration brought the race question into great prominence.

In October, 1901, he invited Booker Washington to dine at the White House. The South uttered angry protests and many people in the North condemned the act.

The President appointed Doctor Crum, a negro, Collector of the Port of Charleston. A great protest was made, and Republican Senators asked him to withdraw the appointment, which he refused to do, saying that if the matter were not acted upon he would make a recess appointment, which

he did. In a letter to a citizen of Charleston, he stated his general position as follows:

I do not intend to appoint any unfit man to office. So far as I legitimately can, I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality; but I cannot consent to take the position that the doorway of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color. Such an attitude would, according to my contentions, be fundamentally wrong. If, as you hold, the great bulk of the colored people are not yet fit in point of character and influence to hold such positions, it seems to me that it is worth while putting a premium upon the effort among them to achieve the character and standing which *will* fit them.

In 1906, three companies of colored soldiers were discharged from the United States Army without honor because of the shooting-up by some of them of Brownsville, Texas. The guilty men could not be individually determined,—there was a "conspiracy of silence" among their comrades to protect them,—and so the President discharged all and said of his action, "If any organization of troops, white or black, is guilty of similar conduct in the future, I shall follow precisely the same course." This incident aroused a great deal of criticism and led to an investigation and prolonged debate in the Senate.

I mention these incidents to demonstrate that Roosevelt's conduct was not affected by any feeling of prejudice. It was fair play and justice, the "square deal" which he was striving for. In one case, it enraged the whites of the South; in the other, it provoked the hostility of the negroes North and South. He may have been wrong in one or in both, or in neither, but certainly no one can fairly question the honesty of his purpose.

His foreign policy was based upon a very simple rule, which was, as he put it, to behave toward other nations as a strong and self-respecting man should behave toward the other men with whom he is brought into contact. In other words, as he said, our aim is disinterestedly to help other nations where such help can be wisely given without the appearance of meddling with what does not concern us; to be careful to act as a good neighbor and at the same time in

good-natured fashion to make it evident that we do not intend to be imposed upon. Or, as he put it in another way, "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

With these views of our duties, it is less necessary to say that Roosevelt always favored preparedness for war, as the best means, however, for securing peace, than to say that he regarded war as something to be avoided if possible and honorable peace to be desired above all things. On one occasion he said:—

. . . Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it! And woe thrice over to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge, loses the power to serve as a soldier if the day of need should arise!

And on another:—

A wanton or useless war, or a war of mere aggression, is to be condemned as a peculiarly atrocious crime against humanity. As the world is now, *only that nation is equipped for peace that knows how to fight* and that will not shirk from fighting if ever the conditions become such that war is demanded in the name of the highest morality.

He was continually preaching the necessity for cultivating the stern virtues always needed when a crisis comes to the nation or the individual. As he put it:—

One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives, there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into their manliness of fibre.

That there was need for such preachment, no thoughtful person, in view of the world experience during the past four years, will deny.

In 1909 the fleet finished its 42,000-mile cruise around the world.

When I left the Presidency (said Roosevelt,) there was not a cloud on the horizon—and one of the reasons why there was not a cloud on the horizon was that the American battle fleet had just returned from its sixteen months' trip around the world, a trip such as no other battle fleet of any power had ever taken, which it had not been supposed could be taken, and which exercised a

greater influence for peace than all the peace congresses of the last fifty years. With Lowell, I most emphatically believe that peace is not a gift that tarries long in the hands of cowards; and the fool and the weakling are no improvement on the coward.

One of Roosevelt's most prophetic utterances was made in April, 1908, when he asked Congress for four battleships in place of two that the committee had recommended. In this message he said, among other things:—

. . . I earnestly advise that the Congress now provide four battleships of the most advanced type. I cannot too emphatically say that this is a measure of peace and not of war. . . I advocate that the United States build a navy commensurate with its power and its needs, because I feel that such a navy will be the surest guaranty and safeguard of peace. Events still fresh in the mind of every thinking man show that neither arbitration nor any other device can as yet be invoked to prevent the gravest and most terrible wrong-doing to peoples who are few in numbers or who, if numerous, have lost the first and most important of national virtues—the capacity for self-defense.

He was equally emphatic in his wish to increase the strength of the army.

Listen to these prophetic words spoken nine years before we entered the war:—

The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.

His solemn warning fell on deaf ears. How much would have been saved of life and treasure had it been heeded.

His Administration, speaking now of his service of seven and a half years, was fruitful of legislation most of which was designed to promote justice of treatment between man and man, to protect the weak, to curb the strong.

After a few days spent at Oyster Bay, Roosevelt, in March, 1909, sailed from New York for Africa in charge of a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institution

to collect birds, mammals, reptiles, and plants, but especially specimens of big game, for the National Museum at Washington.

It is not my purpose to speak in detail of this expedition. The achievements are recorded in a most interesting book called "African Game Trails." The foreword is dated Khartoum, March 15, 1910, and every sentence suggests Roosevelt's love for nature and the open. These are the closing lines:—

> There are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides, rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn by man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting.

In these lines both the hunter and the poet speak.

It was just the sort of trip which would attract him, and was full of thrilling incidents, all of which appealed to some craving of his. He ran the whole gamut of experiences common to the hunter and explorer who never spared himself.

His journey through Europe after his hunting trip was a royal progress. He had been received on every hand with great acclaim as the champion of the doctrine of equality of opportunity for all men, irrespective of race, creed, or color. He reached New York on Saturday, June 18, 1910, and received a wonderful welcome. Measured by human standards, I suppose that he reached on that day the zenith of his fame, unless, perchance, we except the day on which his death was made known to the world.

Roosevelt's return to this country was a critical period in his career. He then had the choice between resting upon his achievements, secure in the position of first Citizen of the Republic, and again entering the arena of political strife to continue to battle for the causes he believed in. He chose the latter course in which personally he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. He took part in the fight for

honest government in the New York Campaign of 1910, and, actuated by a sense of duty to the people as a whole, he made his campaign for the Presidency in 1912, being convinced that two-thirds of the rank and file of the Republican party wished him to run; and, further, because he felt that unless he made the fight for the principles in which he believed with all his heart and soul, there would be no fight at all made for them. While he was defeated at the polls, the campaign demonstrated that he had a larger personal following than any other man in our political history.

I have mentioned, necessarily in a very fragmentary way, some of the chief events in Roosevelt's life which will serve as a foundation for certain conclusions in regard to his character and accomplishments.

He was never an extreme party man. I think that *Harper's Weekly* stated his position correctly, in 1883, when it said:—

> Mr. Roosevelt holds the soundest views upon public questions with the feeling that the Republican party is the organization which, from its traditional principles and the character of its membership, is more likely wisely to secure the public welfare.

Roosevelt has always regarded a party as a means to an end, and when, in his opinion, it ceased to be an instrument for good, he was ready to cast it aside.

He has always been a radical "democrat." Of course, I use the word generically and not as the designation of a party. He said so in his Oxford address. He once said to a friend at Oyster Bay after he had finished his term as President: "I am a democrat and a radical. I like to go to the Lodge here and sit on the benches while my cousin's gardner presides." Perhaps one of his strongest characteristics was his belief in the good faith and commonsense of the average man.

He always spoke of himself and his accomplishments with extreme modesty. I remember that at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of his Class, while he was President, he said in substance that he was not a great man, that there were very few such, but that he had improved his opportunities. For example, said he:—

Many other men have had the same experience in the West and could have raised a regiment in the Spanish War as I did, but they did not. I was afraid at first that they would call the regiment "Teddy's Terrors," which would have covered it with ridicule. I did not want any name, but "Rough Riders" was the one that finally stuck.

It was a necessity to get this regiment into action, otherwise it would have been laughed at. We came near being left behind, and I admit that I pulled every wire in sight to get that regiment to Cuba, and we got there. If we had not, I should never have been President.

On another occasion he said:

. . . I never was an athlete, although I have always led an outdoor life, and have accomplished something it in, simply because my theory is that almost any man can do a great deal, if he will, by getting the utmost possible service out of the qualities that he actually possesess.

Roosevelt utilized to the utmost every opportunity; for example, he spent some time on his ranch. This was a very common experience. Many men have done the same thing, but the experience in Roosevelt's case led to the writing of the "Winning of the West" by American pioneer explorers. That was not all: it led to the writing of several most interesting books on frontier life, and then to the forming of the Rough Riders in the Cuban War which, he said, made him President. Of course, I should qualify this; if the Rough Riders had not made Roosevelt President, some other influence would. What made him President was the cumulative force of his achievements brought into high light through picturesque circumstances made possible by his unique personality.

Of course he had a most extraordinary personality, as the world knows. He had more genuine sympathy with more classes of people than any other man ever in public life in this country. I can best illustrate what I mean by a story of which there are many.

It seems that when he was hunting in Colorado several years ago, he met a cowboy who had been with him with the Rough Riders in Cuba.

The man came up to speak to Roosevelt, and said, "Mr. President, I have been in jail a year for killing a gentleman."

"How did you do it?" asked the President, meaning to inquire as to the circumstances.

"Thirty-eight on a forty-five frame," replied the man, thinking that the only interest the President had was that of a comrade who wanted to know the technique of the operation. Now, I will venture to say that to no other President, from Washington down to and including Wilson, would the mankiller have made that response. This same live sympathy existed between Roosevelt and every class of men with whom he ever came in contact, and he has come in contact with all classes from kings and princes to Digger Indians.

Any one who wishes to get some adequate notion of Roosevelt as a naturalist and lover of nature can do so in a most agreeable way by reading "Camping and Tramping," by John Burroughs. This book was written in 1907, and is descriptive of Roosevelt's trip to Yellowstone Park in 1903.

In the trip to the Yellowstone, Burroughs said, "I was able to help him identify only one new bird; all the other birds he recognized as quickly as I did,"

The following story illustrates Roosevelt's tender and sympathetic nature:—

> Near a little brown schoolhouse (Burroughs writes,) by the railroad track, the schoolma'am and her scholars were drawn up in line to see the Presidential train pass. The President was at luncheon, but leaving the table rushed to the platform and waved his napkin. When he came back he said: "Those children wanted to see the President of the United States, and I could not disappoint them. They may never have another chance. What a deep impression such things make when we are young."

There was a reception at Medora where Roosevelt's old ranch was located. Shaking one man by the hand, he said: "You once mended my gunlock for me,—put on a new hammer." "Yes," said the old chap, "I'm the man, Mr. President."

Roosevelt had time to do these things. Sometimes apparently superficial signs indicate the great qualities that lie beneath. I was looking over his autobiography the other day, and the illustrations interested me. They did not so

much suggest associations with the great men in this and other lands, as with old companions on the plains, in the Legislature, with members of the police force, with social workers, and children of the slums; and when he emerged from the atmosphere of kings and princes in Europe, he sought relief by telegraphing for Seth Bullock and his wife to meet him in London. Seth Bullock was at one time sheriff in the Black Hills district, who, the first time he met Roosevelt, said to him and his companions, "You see, by your looks I thought you were some kind of a tin-horn gambling outfit, and that I might have to keep an eye on you." This man later, as Roosevelt has said, "became, and has ever since remained one of my stanchest and most valued friends," and he telegraphed for him because, as he said, "by that time I felt that I just had to meet my own people, who spoke my neighborhood dialect."

This is all real. No veneer of affectation can stand the stress of thirty years of public life. Roosevelt has been a great preacher as well as a great performer, and the combination made him an immense power for good in our political, business, and social life.

Toward the end of his term, his relations with Congress became somewhat strained. This was due to a variety of causes. The President was, very properly, constantly pressing an elaborate programme of legislation. Congress could never meet his expectations or the expectations of the people, and the legislative body came to feel that its efforts were not properly appreciated and that the Executive held a place in the confidence of the people that properly belonged to Congress. The President preferred pretty direct methods to the arts of diplomacy. I think that the country rather enjoyed these controversies, and, as a rule, sided with him.

A friend once spoke to him of his rather abrupt manner of dealing with Congress and he replied in the following words:—

> An error and a weakness, but not the error of a self-seeking man.

He was always most approachable and listened carefully to suggestion and criticism from every quarter, but when all available sources of information had been exhausted and his

conclusion reached, he used every legitimate influence at his command to effect his purpose. Upon this point of his willingness to receive suggestions, Secretary Hay wrote in his Diary,

> I read the President's message in the afternoon. . . .Made several suggestions as to changes and omissions. The President came in just as I had finished and we went over the matter together. He accepted my ideas with that singular amiability and open-mindedness which form so striking a contrast with the general idea of his brusque and arbitrary character.

Roosevelt has often been charged with being egotistical because he seemed to be so sure that he was right. It was not so much that, as that he believed his *cause* to be right. His political creed was well expressed in his Carnegie Hall speech, in March, 1912, in which he said:—

> In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watch-word for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause will not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

An illustration of his passion for improving his time is found in a story Chief Justice White tells that when Roosevelt came to Washington as Vice-President, he called upon him, and Roosevelt said that he expected to have some time on his hands, as the duties of his office would not be onerous. He asked Mr. Justice White, as he was then, if it would be *infra dig.* for him to attend law lectures in Washington with a view to being admitted to the bar. After some reflection Mr. Justice White said that he did not think that he could with propriety do this, but offered to supply him with law books and to give him a "quiz" every Saturday evening. The offer was accepted with alacrity and the books were collected, but before the plan could be carried out, Roosevelt had ceased to be Vice-President.

He was not in his youth a ready speaker. He was halting and hesitating in his delivery. In the early days no one would have predicted a great future for him as an "orator." In the later years, while he had none of the arts of the orator, the subject-matter of his addresses has been so interesting and his personality so compelling that he was a most impressive speaker. He has, as every one knows, been a most voluminous writer, and I was surprised when he said to me some years ago, in substance: "Do you know I am not a very ready writer. No one knows how much time I put into my articles for the *Outlook.*" He then pulled a typewritten manuscript from his pocket and said, "Here is an article that I am going over, as I have opportunity, correcting and recasting it," and then he added, "but my work is done three months ahead." Here was one great secret of his ability to accomplish so much: he was always doing today the work of tomorrow, of next week, or of next year. During the winter of 1909, he was at work on the addresses he was to deliver after his African trip and while in Europe the following year.

He was always impatient of humbug and "hifalutin'," particularly in connection with practical matters. For instance, when before the war some Senator said we needed no regular army, because in the event of war "ten million freemen would spring to arms, the equals of any regular soldiers in the world," Roosevelt, in his whimsical way said:

> If the Senator's ten million men sprang to arms at this moment, they would have at the outside some four hundred thousand modern rifles to which to "spring." Perhaps six hundred thousand more could "spring" to squirrel pieces and fairly good shotguns. The remaining nine million men would have to "spring" to axes, scythes, hand-saws, gimlets, and similar arms.

The truth of this observation became painfully apparent when we undertook to equip our army.

An illustration of Roosevelt's high sense of honor, if one were needed, can be found in a conversation he had with a friend when he had finished his term as President and was looking forward to a new occupation, in which he said that he was determined to make no commercial use of his name.

He declined the Presidency of a large corporation with a salary of $100,000 and accepted the associate editorship of the *Outlook* with a salary of $12,000, a position which he said would give him an opportunity to reach the people he wanted to reach.

I have often heard Roosevelt called an astute politician. In my opinion, he never was a politician, as we understand the term. A politician tries to find out what the people want and seeks to give it to them. A statesman seeks to make the people want what he believes they ought to have and brings them to his point of view. The politician follows the statesman leads, and Roosevelt was in the latter class. No politician would have invited Booker Washington to the White House to dinner. No politician would at the same time have denounced the abuses tolerated or practiced by organized capital and organized labor. No politician would have discharged the negro regiment at Brownsville, or been so regardless of the amenities in dealing with Congress.

He continued until the day of his death to be a great influence in our national life and in world politics. He sought to stir his countrymen to a sense of their responsibilities when the great war began; he was untiring in his efforts to weld the North, the South, the East, the West into one American unit that knew but one allegiance; he mourned our delay in entering the conflict and once in, he was eager to back his words with service upon the battlefield. The opportunity was denied him, but he was represented there by four sons, two of whom were seriously wounded, and in the death of another he made the supreme sacrifice.

On Sunday, January 5th, he retired for the night apparently without foreboding.

"But ere the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
He passed through glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise."

That great heart has ceased to beat; that voice which has marshalled to his standard such countless hosts is forever stilled; that rugged frame which has so frequently resisted

exposure, hardship, and disease, and has seemed the very incarnation of a vitality which could never be subdued, has at last been overcome; that personality which has so long held enthralled multitudes of his fellowmen will soon be but a memory. And yet Theodore Roosevelt's influence will live; he has created ideals for a great nation. His example will be an inspiration and his precepts a guide to generations now unborn. He will for all time have a place among the great leaders of the world.

"And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

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